If euer he haue wife let her be mad,
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And still as you are weary of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarse.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarse, and set it downe,
La. What blacke Magitian, coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse or by Saint *Paul*,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes?
Gen. Stand backe and Let the coffin passe,
Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher then my brest,
Or by *Saint Paul* ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue therefore be gone,
Glo. Sweet Saint for charity, bee not so curst.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to vew thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead henries wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh,
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformity,
For tis thy presence that exhals this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloud dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall,
Oh God, which this bloud mad'st, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this bloud drink'st, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,

Or

Or earth gape open wide, and eate
As thou didst swallow vp this good
Which his Hell-gouernd arme hath
Glo. Lady, you know no rule o
Which render good for bad, bless
La. Villanne, thou knowst no l
No beast so fierce, but knowes so
Glo But I know none, and theref
La. Oh wonderfull when deuil
Glo, More wonderfull when A
Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a
Of these suppos'd euils to giue m
By circumstance but to acquit my
La. vouchsafe defused infectio
For these knowne euils but to giue
By circumstance to curse thy curs
Glo. Fairer then tongue can na
Some patient leasure to excuse my
La. Fouler then heart can thin
No excuse currant, but to hang thy
Glo. By such dispaire I should
La. And by disparing shouldst
For doing worthy vengeance on th
Which didst, vnworthy slaughter
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not de
But dead they are and diuelish slau
Glo, I did not kill your husban
La. Why then he is alive.
Glo. Nay he is dead and slaine
La. In thy soule throat thou lie
Thy bloody faulchion smooking
The which thou once didst bend a
But that my brother beat aside th
Glo. I was prouoked by her sla
Which laid her guilt vpon my guil
La. Thou wast prouoked by t
Which neuer dream't on ought: bu
Didst thou not kill this King?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)